5: Simons K-5 (ca. 1882) 1885
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133 on a clear day can be seen from any point in it. On the west side a small hill attached spoils its beauty, seen from seawards, otherwise it is perfectly symmetrical in form. The Indians call it Jopitz. It lies [103] in the Cocina district, and is the most dangerous portion of the Goajira. To visit it, I had to persuade Martin, one of the great chiefs, to ac- [115] company me with his three sons, uncles, nephews, &c. We started at daybreak, rode all day, and arrived in time to see the sunset from the [123] top. We only saw three Indians the whole day, yet Martin assured me that all our movements were watched, and pointed out to me two probable places where an ambuscade would be planned for our return. We returned by a different road, getting back at 4 A.M. tired, hungry, and thirsty. I found the height to be 1200 feet above sea-level, or 900 feet above the plain. The rock is composed chiefly of trachyte with large crystals of felspar, similar to those of the Drachenfels on the Rhine. As also belonging to this group may be considered the two isolated hills rising in front of Cardon de las Remedios and Carrisal, close to the north spur of the Cojoro range, called Jallare. They are both insignificant and do not exceed 400 feet in height. The Cerros de Carpintero, a small group of hills behind the Cabo de la Vela, are of more importance, they are about 700 feet above sea-level. From Cabo de la Vela to Puerto Estrella, between the hills and the sea, are innumerable cliffs and banks rising to 200 feet, usually with very abrupt edges, and covered with rolled stones.

Rivers properly speaking there are none in the Goajira. The country is cut up in all directions by shallow, dry, sandy beds of water-courses, that during the rainy season carry off the water as fast as it falls. Not even the Macuira Hills are able to send a flowing stream to the sea during the summer, which here lasts at least eight months. It [552] will have been remarked that the Indians have no collective name for their mountains, each little projecting point rejoicing in its own name. With their rivers it is still worse, for not only every water-hole adds a new title to a river—and these are innumerable, the custom being to dig for water in the sand of the watercourses, and as these wells dry up others are dug farther up stream—but every path that crosses the watercourse has its name. Even any prominent rock or large tree is enough to add to the interminable list of river nomenclature. On the plains below the Tota the drainage is effected by numerous small streams winding about in a most bewildering manner, and although perfectly dry, they usually have pools of muddy water at the bends. As the plain is little above sea-level, the water has cut deep zigzag channels, very different from the shallow sandy beds of the hills. The water remaining dammed up, instead of gravitating to the sea, causes the great fertility of the plains.

312 The principal source of water for the Indians are wells. These are of two kinds; first, the most common, by digging, usually in the dry

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been completely tamed by the Venezuelans. He, with of course his followers, have found honesty the best policy after all, and are now reformed and peaceful members of society, returned to breeding and agriculture. This shows what can be done with firmness combined with a little judicious tact and management.

The Indians build no elaborate dwelling-houses. Their best ranchos are simple, and constructed in a short time. The roof is covered with the split woody core of a tall euphorbia. This makes a good cool roof, impermeable to water and easily removed when the family flits. The rancho is seldom used for sleeping purposes; for this numerous poles (*tekepel*) are firmly fixed all over the place for swinging hammocks, often three and four to one pole, and crossing each other. Sometimes two and three sleep in a hammock. Further off other poles (*palémaler*) are found, to tie animals up at, and a small corral or sheep-pen for the goats and sheep is also indispensable in every well-regulated family. The site of a rancho is always carefully chosen, much strategy being displayed in locating the whole, so that each rancho covers the other without itself being seen. Although villages are never attempted, yet a family rarely lives isolated. Everybody bolsters himself with that bugbear of Goajira society, his relations. Their ranchos are always within gunshot distance, so as mutually to defend each other. One is invariably on high ground to dominate the country, the rest are hidden away in nooks and corners where least expected. If one rancho is seen, others are close at hand. In case of attack, this system prevents a whole family being exterminated. One or two ranchos may be taken, but the rest escape or fly to the rescue, as the case may be. At all events the avenger, so dear to the Indian, survives. Each rancho has a distinct name. Besides, every Indian who is anybody has several ranchos spread over the country. To collect the names of the ranchos would be paramount to taking a census of the territory. The following are well-known ranchos, with usually some half-caste from Riohacha trading with the Indians. In the Macuira range, six miles from Punta Espada, is Guarerpé, at the foot of Ara-ura; chief, Caijuna, a Jirnu. Westwards, close to the sea-shore, Chómunao; chief, José Agustin, a Jallarié, a half-caste speaking good Spanish. At the foot of Itujoro, Maguaipá, situated on a slight eminence eight miles from the sea, and is an important trading station. Paralioro, native name of Puerto Estrella, boasts twelve houses and three iron warehouses, with always two or three Riohacheros resident there. The chief, Pedro Quinto, is Epieyu, but his sister Mauricia is the virtual ruler. Inland, 16 miles from Bahia Honda or Taroa is Morunay, another large trading station, usually with two or three Riohacheros established there. The eight ranchos are well located on a plain between Macuira and Parashi. The chief, Saipa, is Epieyu. This is one of the most central stations in the Goajira, and is surrounded by several important places; it is probably

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the site of the old Spanish settlement San Juan de Ipapa. On the west side of the Parashi Hills in the plains is another well-known central trading station Joroy; chief, Majutó, an Ipuana; probably near the old site of the Spanish settlement Moscote. In the neighbourhood are: Guarirpanturi; chief, Conocón, an Ipuana. A Dutchman from Aruba has lived here many years, and has become quite an Indian. Alpiapá, a few ranchos on an eminence commanding the whole valley. The Indians here are rather mixed, but the chief is a Puchaina. The well Kapaulers, at the base of the hill, is the finest I saw, and surrounded with rich green vegetation similar to that of Macuira. Katunasió, the most inland station. It is generally the traders that make a rancho known, for the Indians do everything they can to keep their abodes, if not secret, at any rate as much in the dark as possible. The plains being more unsettled than the mountain district, traders do not venture to establish themselves in the interior, as at Morunay or Joroy, so few ranchos are known. The most important place in the Lower Goajira is Guinoua, midway between Riohacha and the Venezuelan town of Las Guardias or Santa Teresa. Paraguaipoa, the new Venezuelan military colony, founded in 1882, counts already 50 houses. It is situated in the plains 12 miles in advance of Santa Teresa, which it completely covers. The garrison at present consists of 30 men, well mounted and found in every respect, under the orders of a commander, two secretaries, and two interpreters; the latter for the purpose of taking statistics as to trade, &c. Altogether it is a model establishment, and does honour to the Government of Venezuela. The entire population of the Goajira may be about 20,000; it does not exceed 25,000, and is not increasing.

As regards manners and customs and the way they enforce their old peculiar laws, these Goajiros are particularly interesting. Of course, like all Indians, they are singularly proficient in begging, stealing, and drinking, but besides these capital vices they add a fourth, that is demanding compensation, tear- or blood-money—principal cause of all the strife and blood feuds between the castes, and an everlasting danger to Indians and strangers alike. Whereas about one-quarter of the male population die a violent death from its result, another quarter are killed by drink and its effects. The laws that govern these compensation cases are very intricate, their number is legion. First is the terrible law of retribution, that makes a whole caste responsible for the acts of any single member. As the Spaniards or white men are considered by the Indians as belonging to one large family, the country is very unsafe for travelling, for every white man is a sort of hostage for the good behaviour of the others. If an Indian should be killed in a quarrel by a white man, the life of another white man, living leagues away, depends upon whether the foe (relations of the dead Indian) or a friend brings the news first. Many an innocent unconscious trader has been sacrificed at one end of the peninsula for a foul murder committed at the other end.

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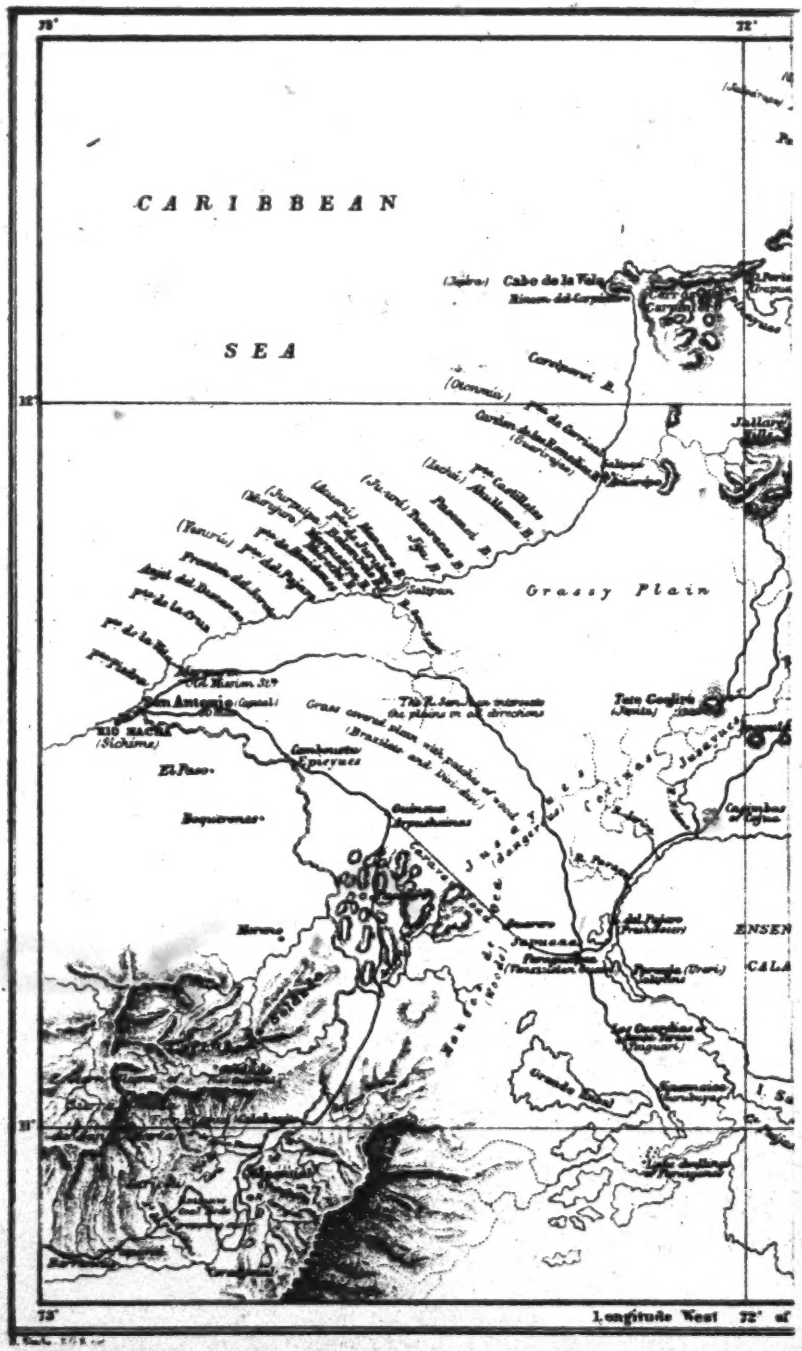

Plat for the Proceedings of the Royal GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, 1885.

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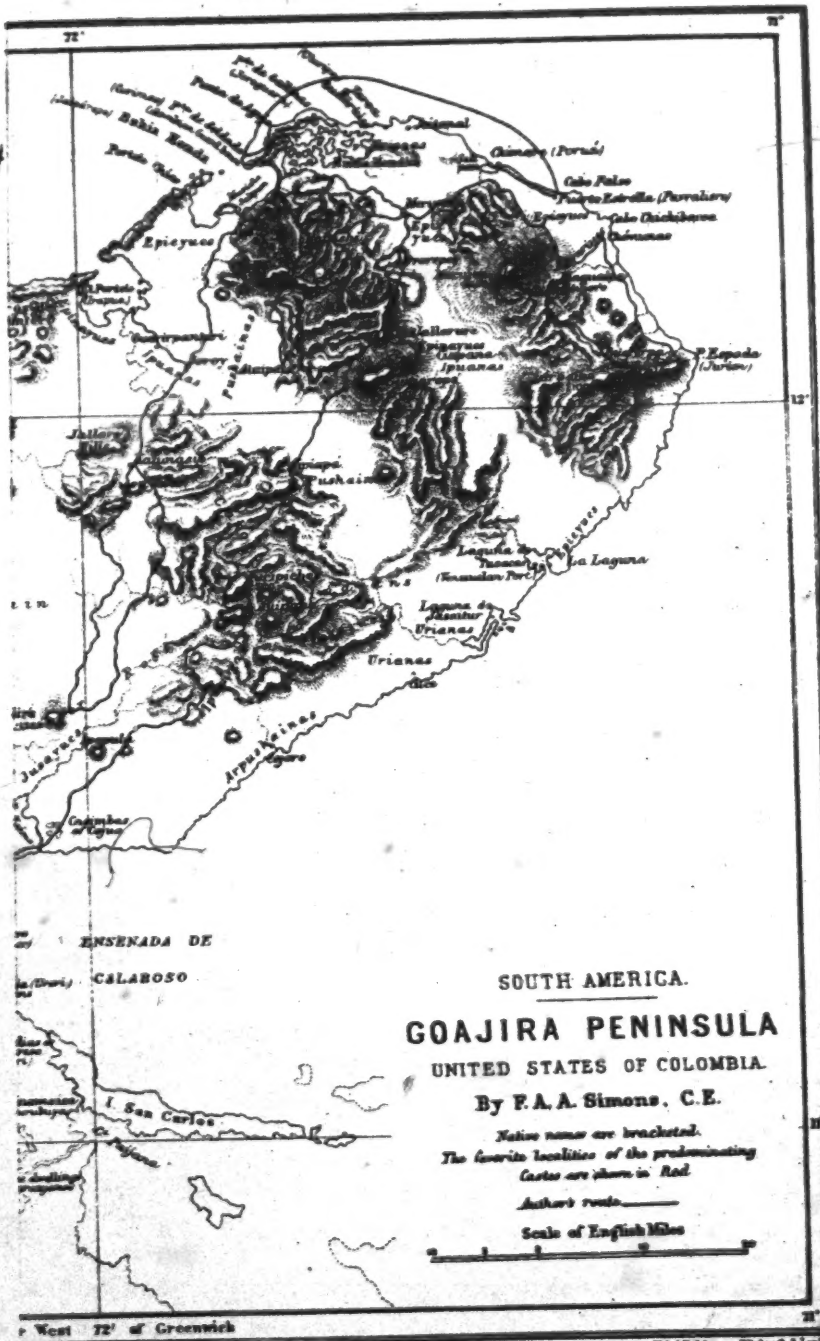

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7:Bolinder T-5 (1920, 1955) 1957
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We had gone round Sierra Chimare to the north. Understandably enough, since it was the monks' name, nobody seemed to have heard of Nazaret, but they did not react to Amúruru either.

Macuira is quite a large complex of hills, and if the Indians were going to be unable to help us, it might prove quite difficult to find the mission station. Suddenly a man came up on a horse. He was wearing trousers. He was so astonished to see us that he nearly tumbled off and his horse became restive. We told him who we were and where we were going, and his face lit up.

'Let us camp together,' he suggested. 'I have a camp under a tree that is large enough for you as well. I have a herd of goats that I am driving home.'

We went with the man, who was a mestizo—and had two Indian wives, who helped my wife make goat stew.

In Guajira you can sleep in the open perfectly well during most of the year, but it is more pleasant to lie under a tree. The mestizo was able to tell us exactly how to get to Nazaret.

We broke camp at daybreak, before the sun had begun to send its shafts through the sparse leaves of the tree. We three whites started off at a good pace, and soon the mestizo with his goats and our own pack animals had dropped behind. Before long we came in among hillocks sparsely clad with divi-divi and other bushes and trees that did not mind drought. This sort of vegetation the Indians call a wood. The hours passed; the sun was unmercifully hot, as it always was. Our tongues were stuck to our gums by thirst, and a persistent breeze filled our ears with sand. We did not mind, however, for paradise was not far away.

The trees were all withered and leafless. Then we came to valleys filled with white sand, that in places formed terraces. The mules' hooves sank in deep. I realized why we came across sand so far from the sea: all that part of the hills had sunk into the sea during the quarternary period, and had then risen again carrying the sand with it.

Then a hill like a sugar-loaf emerged. That was Ituhor, about which we had been told, and we knew that we were

7:Bolinder T-5 (1920, 1955) 1957
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not far from the mission station. Ituhor means 'roast corn' and it does look like a dark golden brown giant corn-cob. Suddenly we were in a valley that was all green. We had to rub our eyes. Not only grass grew there, but tall trees with fresh green leaves. The crests of coconut palms waved high above them. We saw bananas, maize, and all sorts of fruit trees. What a miracle! The cause of it was a little stream that had water in it almost all the year round, though it petered out in sand on its way to the sea. We enjoyed the greenery, the smells and the bird song, and watched the multi-coloured butterflies. The valley was not inhabited; it was a field. After that we came to more white sand, where everything was just as arid as before.

Nazaret lay in the middle of this sea of sand. Ahead of us we saw some whitewashed buildings with grass roofs and one larger building with a turret. A monk came walking briskly to greet us, his white beard waving in the breeze. This was Father Salvador, whom we knew from a trip we had made farther south five years before. He had then been stationed at the foot of the Andes and his flowing beard had been brown. How old he had grown! The desert seemed to have aged him by twenty years at least, we thought. Then the other monks emerged and friendly nuns took charge of my wife.

We had good, sweet water, decent food and black coffee. The kindly fathers at once set about preparing a white-washed hut for us. They wanted us to stay for some time, make Nazaret our headquarters, from which we could go to the Indian camps in the surrounding country, which we would thus get to know. They would also find us good guides.

Then our Indians arrived with our baggage. We paid them and dismissed them. We could not help laughing when Gaffer insisted that he could be of great use to us as a guide, for he had neither been there before, nor even been able to find his way there. His old wife had taken advantage of our absence to appropriate a number of our things, including an aluminium saucepan. This came to light because her pack looked suspiciously bulky and had to be searched, to her